3:Westermann E-5 (1910) 1912 F323 Shilluk F323

with rather long legs, a slender body, and large horns. The horns, while young, are dressed into most manifold strange forms, this being the business of a peculiar craftsman, the "dresser of horns". Sometimes in a large herd one sees hardly any cattle with the horns in their natural shape. An illustration of how cattle are cherished and almost regarded as personal beings is the fact that they have almost as different names for cattle, according to their colour, the configuration or size of the horns, etc. *Vide* page 107. — Domestic animals are not butchered, except when sick or exceedingly old. Oxen and goats are killed on festal occasions, such as funeral or marriage meals, or as sacrifices to Nyikang and Juok. Neither do they sell cattle; for a stranger it is practically impossible to purchase a cow or an ox. The price of a cow is about £ 5; an ox is half the value of a cow which has calved; a young heifer has double the value of a cow. — Slaying a cow is done by stabbing it with a spear in the nape, so that the aorta is pierced. The blood is collected and cooked as food.

The cows are milked morning and evening, usually by boys, sometimes also by old men, but not by women, the latter having nothing to do with cattle. The quantity of milk obtained is but poor. A gourd is the usual milk vessel. These are washed with cow urine, which gives the milk an unpleasant flavour. They also wash their hands in cow-urine; but they do not mix the milk with it, as is the custom with Dinkas and Bongo.

Each village possesses a common cow-shed, but into it the herd is put at night during the rainy season only, when the mosquitoes are very bad. The rest of the year they are kraaled in the open yard, where they are tied with ropes to short pegs driven into the ground. This cattle-court is a semi-circular enclosure; at the entrance to it there is a small circular place built of cow cattle and covered with straw, in which the young men who watch the herd sleep. A fire of dried cow dung is kept smouldering all night in this place. Sick cattle are penned in the cow-shed during the daytime, to keep them out of the sun and away from food, but not in the night, unless it is the season when all the cattle are housed. Many cattle die every year, from intestinal worms and other diseases. A considerable number of cows are barren.

The cattle are herded by young men and boys. As soon as the dew has dried off the grass, the herd is driven into the pasture. During the dry season, when grass is getting rare, the herds migrate into the lower and swampy parts of the country, where the grass is still flourishing; the Shilluks along the White Nile cross over to the east bank; likewise the cattle of the Bohar Shilluks descend to the lagoons south of the Bohar. So in both cases they have to cross the rivers, which is, on account of the many crocodiles living in them, not unhangerous, and is therefore done with much care and accompanied by

29:Dempsey M-5 (1940-1954) 1955
FJ23 Shilluk FJ23

574 like bellows, and then passes it on. Pipe and beer circulate
[276] freely, and under the mellowing influence of both, tongues
are quickly loosened and conversation turns to the perennial
[521] topic of cattle. After a while, your cigarette finished, you will
excuse yourself to your host and, rising from your cramped
position, greet everyone present in turn and make your
escape into the open air.

512 The Shilluk, sensible man, starts his day with the sun. He
emerges from his hut, however, with heavy head and blood-
[513] shot eyes, since he has been sleeping for seven or eight hours
in a small windowless hut with the doorway blocked with a
[372] heavy grass mat and perhaps a smoky fire burning as a
825 protection against mosquitoes. As a further defence against
751 these pests he covers himself from head to foot with the red
ashes from the cow-dung fire, but this does not worry him;
[515] if there is water handy he may rinse his hands and face,
if not, he will remain as he is until his next visit to the river
—perhaps today, perhaps tomorrow or the next day—gives
him the chance of taking a bath.

Gradually the village comes to life: the women appear,
[484] winding their drab-looking cloths round them, and set off
on their daily pilgrimage to the river with the heavy water
pots balanced on their heads. The little group breaks up and
the women fall into line, one behind the other, as they reach
the narrow track leading out of the village, chattering like
starlings as they swing along. The boys come out of the
512 byre smothered like their elders in the red ashes in which
157 they have been lying all night, looking like imps from the
[233] lower regions. They begin to clean up round the tethered
372 cattle, collecting the cow dung and spreading it out to
234 dry in the sun for fuel. When this is done they milk the
252 cows and goats. From one compound comes the sound
of dull thumping as some girl pounds the millet grain
into coarse flour. The grain is small and hard, red or
white in colour. It is first winnowed by being poured at
[415] shoulder height from a basket and then sieved in a boat-
shaped scoop of plaited fibre. The grain is then put into a